

Animals

FEBRUARY

1957

"YOU HEARD ME!"

MASSACHUSETTS SOCIETY
for the
PREVENTION of CRUELTY
to ANIMALS
and the
AMERICAN HUMANE
EDUCATION SOCIETY

David Corson from A. Devaney, N.Y.





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MANUSCRIPTS relating to animals, particularly prose articles of from 300-400 words are solicited. Articles of more than 600 words cannot be accepted. Such articles may include any subject, except cruel sports or captivity, dealing with animals, especially those with humane import. Human interest and current event items are particularly needed. Also acceptable are manuscripts dealing with oddities of animal life and natural history. All items should be accompanied by good illustrations whenever possible. Fiction is seldom used.

PHOTOGRAPHS should be sharp, depicting either domestic or wild animals in their natural surroundings. Pictures that tell a story are most desirable.

VERSE about animals should be short. We suggest from four to twelve lines.

IMPORTANT

All manuscripts should be neatly type-written, double spaced and each article on a separate sheet.

No manuscript will be acknowledged or returned unless accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope.

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 AND
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Seizure of Pets Distasteful

THE above title is quoted from an editorial appearing in the Lawrence, Mass., *Tribune* which expresses pretty well the attitude of the thousands of friends and members of this Society in voicing opposition to Massachusetts Senate Bill 315.

One paragraph from the editorial is particularly significant and reflects our Society's policy:

"Common decency dictates that if these lost pets cannot be restored to their owners, or placed in other kind and loving homes, there should be every assurance that they will be granted the boon of a humane death. It must be borne in mind that for the most part they are pets, and not creatures abandoned to their fate."

The Martha's Vineyard *Gazette*, in an editorial entitled "The Pound Bill" had, in part, this to say:

"It is hardly too much to say that not one cent of the money contributed to such noteworthy agencies as the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. and the Boston Animal Rescue League would have been given if the donors had foreseen a time when these agencies were to become procurers of animals for scientific purposes.

"For the societies to acquiesce in the purposes of the pending bill would represent an abominable breach of faith. Enactment of the pending bill might, indeed, mean the permanent suspension of one or more of the humane groups, since continued operation would be incompatible with all existing obligations.

"We do not question the motives of most of those who are supporting the pound bill, but high purposes do not justify the forcible subversion of the work of societies dedicated to relief and mercy. Science must find its solution within the limits of the responsibility and good faith which are here deeply involved."

Our readers and friends in Massachusetts are again urged to write to their Representatives and Senators expressing their views on this pending legislation, S315. Anyone desiring additional details are invited to write to the Society at 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

E. H. H.

The Gentle Touch

By Miriam Rose Bonner

THERE are lots of goodbyes to be said on moving day, and goodbyes are always hard. Long ago, one winter day, the last and hardest was the goodbye to my kitty, Snookie. The week before moving day he had been given to my friend Elizabeth, whose parents were graciously willing for her to take Snookie to their beautiful home. They would be kind to him and feed him well, we knew. Snookie had been our cat for just a little over a year. He was a birthday present when I was eleven—the best birthday gift I've ever had. He was an orphan kitty, for his mother had been killed. His smallness and helplessness endeared him to us. From the first he was quick to learn, being very intelligent. He had a "good face," and I always claimed he had my initials on his cheeks. Always he came when called by name. Sometimes he wouldn't be anywhere in sight, but a call would bring a gray and white streak on the run—and there was Snookie, ready for a romp.

Those were lonesome days in my eleventh year. We had moved from the place where friendships had been established, and for a timid child it was difficult to make new ones. Snookie was my one companion. Sometimes I would feel very sad and dejected. Occasionally tears would come, which when Snookie saw, he would climb up into my lap and try to lick

them away with his rough, but gentle little tongue. He seemed always to understand a mood and to react appropriately to it. His quick sympathy was amazing. The tickle of that pink tongue usually turned tears to laughter in short order.

When we were to move away in the heart of winter, we knew we could not take Snookie along. That's why we hunted a good home for him. For a long time I missed my playfellow, and wished we could have kept him. Years later I learned that he had a life of unusual usefulness. Indeed, he lived to be a very old cat, and brought happiness to a very lonely man. For when Elizabeth's mother died, Elizabeth went to live with an aunt in South America, leaving her father all alone except for Snookie. We learned that Snookie was the chief earthly comfort of the father. I can imagine Snookie climbing into his lap when he came home to the too-quiet house at the end of his day's work, to sit down alone by the cold hearth. I'm sure Snookie reached up and touched his cheek with that gentle pink tongue that spoke more volumes of sympathy and affection than if it could have formed words. After all, that was a good life, don't you think, to be loved and needed, and to bring happiness to someone.

The Efficiency Expert

By Alice M. Weeks

IT was a cold January morning! Arriving at the office almost frozen myself, I opened the door and before I could get my bearings something landed on my head fluttering. My first instinct was to get my hat off which of course wouldn't come readily. My umbrella fell to the floor and soon something else tucked its nose into the umbrella. A pigeon—almost frozen!

It made itself right at home, waddling over to the radiator and stayed, receiving all crumbs gratefully. Later when it was warm and well fed, Mr. Pigeon strolled about inspecting the office, and when he decided that the office was at its peak of efficiency, he bade us all adieu, flying out the window we had conveniently left open. I hope he will come back someday.



"Their friends have spoken"

Nurse Barbara Hryniewicz at our Angell Memorial Hospital, with her two wards, Nicky and Mickey, look at the huge stack of cards sent by members and friends of our Society urging that we oppose the Pound Seizure Bill. The two small bundles at the front represent the very few who wish us to remain neutral or actually to support it.

Progress Is Being Made!

A LETTER from a friend of mine in Denmark carried the following information concerning the humane slaughtering of food animals: the ferriswheel type (CO₂) for capacities of up to 100 pigs per hour has now been in operation in the Swedish slaughterhouse in Kalmar and has been working quite satisfactorily for the past several weeks."

Still another new idea for inducing painless narcosis in pigs is one of a single trap lowered into a CO₂ pit handling up to 40 animals per hour. These are two additional methods which should receive the serious attention of our legislators in Washington, D. C.

Early in 1957 another and more forceful attempt will be made to obtain a Federal law which will provide for the humane stunning of all food animals before they are killed. Many thousands of beef animals have already been given merciful death after being stunned by the Remington Arms Humane Stunner.

The Massachusetts S. P. C. A. hopes that with your support, we will succeed in getting the first law passed in 1957!

—John C. Macfarlane

In the Market For a Mutt?

By Charles A. Koepke

MY large backyard needed someone else to enjoy it, so my wife and I decided to buy a dog. A dog is defined as: "A domesticated carnivore, *Canis familiaris*, bred in a great many varieties." It is because of these many varieties on the market that a person desiring a dog undergoes great periods in indecision.

There are expensive dogs and cheap dogs, large dogs and small dogs, shaggy dogs and smooth dogs, dogs with long ears, dogs with longer ears, and dogs who are "all ears," dogs who are short and tall, and dogs who are long and close to the ground. There are calm dogs and some who are nervous wrecks, dogs who are beautiful in their bearing and others who are cute in their homeliness. Watch dogs bark and the timid retreat pell-mell. Some dogs are huge and others you can carry in your coat pocket. There are pointer dogs, setter dogs, and lying dogs.

There are dogs to match any color scheme in a home, office, or automobile—spotted ones, white ones, brown-gray-black-buff-tan-reddish ones.

With this multitude of information at my disposal I visited many places, private dog fanciers and kennel markets stocked with the finest in pedigreed pets. I found it hard to decide on *my dog*—you see, I wanted a dog that was an individualist, a dog that looked like and acted like no other dog.

We found him in a cage at the city dog pound, the pet orphanage, and we knew we had to adopt him. We loved him at once, for when he saw us he went into his act, whining and wagging, then looking extremely mournful with his kind brown



"His paws were like size twelve boots and matched a muzzle that could reach halfway into a gopher's hole!"

eyes. His ears and tail were oversized and hinted that he had a desert fox in his jigsaw pedigree. His paws were like size twelve boots and matched a muzzle that could reach halfway into a gopher's hole. Colorwise he was unique, for he was solid white except for a German shepherd brown head, a feature that made him look like a fellow going to a formal affair with only a top hat on. He was just a puppy, yet I saw in him a challenge as to what part or parts of him would grow the fastest.

Five dollars made him ours, and fifteen minutes later we were riding home with our prize. En route we named him "Wuddie", adapted from our question, "What is he?"

Wuddie has lived up to our expectations, for he dearly loves his adopted home, romping in the morning with me, and exploring the vegetable garden. He is an exception to any rule, and individualist as I wished, resembling no other dog I know of, and he acts his role to the letter. He eats the tomatoes when they ripen, for the red things on the vine look like his red ball that we play with—besides, they taste better! Wuddie cut his teeth on three of my garden hoses, two shoes, and two rubber bones. Having missed a ball of putty

as I was patching a window this summer, I discovered that Wuddie's menu of tidbits had added a new entree. Wuddie eats the grapes off the vine and chews the mint around the house, gnaws the cord to the barbecue spit, tracks mud into the house, knocks over the garbage can and redecorates the yard with the trash, then stands on the outside picnic table to look into the window to say hello with a loud thumping tail.

Wuddie does not sit up and beg for food or jump through hoops or count to four by barking. He came fully supplied with his own tricks. Somewhere he was trained to love everyone, from all delivery men to us, and including a cat that has become his friend. He was provided with an extra large tongue with which to express his affection—twenty licks per minute or more.

More people will go shopping this year for a dog, a dog for companionship desired in most cases. Some, I hope, will be in the market for just a plain mutt, and when you find him and adopt him, you will feel rewarded when you realize that there is nothing like saying, "There is no other dog like him—*My Dog*, mutt that he is!"



Cat's Meow

By Anne Dismukes



Bess always kept a watchful eye.

ANIMALS may not speak in as many words as we humans do, but there is no doubt in my mind that they have a language of their own that is as comprehensible to them as ours is to us. Being a great cat lover, I had long observed the different intonations and intensities that our pets used to make their "meows" convey different meanings to each other. It was not until recently, however, that I realized "meow-ow" (or cat language) is also intelligible to members of the canine world.

Our black cat, Bess, had grown up under the protection of our two big dogs, Buff and Bruce, and particularly did she seem to be attached to Bruce. He was so big that she could walk under him without even brushing his shaggy hair, but she showed no fear of him, and it almost seemed that a friendship existed between the two.

Bruce was an exception, though, for Bess hated other dogs. After her five kittens came, a strange dog had only to come in the yard, and she became a black fury, her back arched and every hair on end as she stood ready to send him yelping down the street if he came too near her babies. But Bruce she seemed to trust, and although she always kept a watchful eye upon him when he was near, she didn't appear to mind his inspection of her kittens. And the kittens, as they grew older, learned to romp between the great dog's paws without fear. Indeed, Bruce would frequently have to get up and move to get any peace from their playful antics.

One hot, lazy afternoon we were sitting sleepily on the front porch. Bruce was lying on one side sound asleep, and Bess was curled up, dozing on the other side. The only creature who seemed to have any life was the friskiest of the kittens, Amos.

Amos had been playing in a chair which suddenly lost its interest for him, and so he took a notion to come down. And down he came! What he didn't know was that Bruce was lying right under the chair. Amos landed right on top of him! The poor dog was so startled that he probably thought that he was being attacked, for he jumped up with a snarl, and for one petrified moment we awaited Bruce's next move. Whatever his intentions were, they were arrested by a black streak which at that moment came flying across the porch. Stopping only long enough to see that her baby was unharmed and to give him a quick reassuring lick, Bess walked straight up to Bruce, who was standing defiantly, still not sure whether to give battle to his attacker or not. She did not bristle in fear or anger, but while we humans looked on in amazement, Bess began to talk to Bruce in the strangest sounding "meows" I have ever heard a cat make. If we could not understand what she told him, there was no questioning the note of authority in her voice, and Bruce understood. With a look of shame and embarrassment, the big dog tucked his tail between his legs and walked away.

Armistice declared!

OUR DUMB ANIMALS

COME to the car and see what the family gave me for my birthday," Linda said, fairly popping with joyous excitement.

"His name's Pierre," Linda gurgled. "Isn't he adorable?"

"Oh, a poodle!" I exclaimed and reached for the little fellow.

Pierre seemingly interpreted this remark as a compliment, for he gave me a soggy swipe across the face, down my bare arm, ending with a dainty nibble at my fingers.

"He smells like Chanel No. 5," I said, reluctantly handing the pup back to his mistress. "I hope you're not going to dress him in bows and things."

"Of course not," Linda laughed. "The stuff you smell is a spray they use at the kennel. Makes the coat shiny and kills the doggy odor."

While we were discussing the appalling cost of poodle haircuts, Mr. Blue sauntered up all eyes and interest.

"Meet Pierre," I introduced and invited Linda to hold the pup so that Mr. Blue could look him over. Linda hesitated, wrinkling her nose at Mr. Blue, who had been wading in the almost empty irrigation ditch, and who smelled like a stagnant duck pond.

"Wait," I said, hurrying to the house. "I want to get a picture of Mr. Blue and Pierre. . . ."

When I got back, Mr. Blue was nowhere in sight.

"He's under your car," Linda said. "He doesn't like Pierre a little bit."

"That can't be," I contradicted. "Mr. Blue loves all young animals. Hold the camera while I get Mr. Blue out from under there."

After much coaxing, Mr. Blue finally emerged, but pose with the pup he would not. He'd wait until I had him nicely "set", then when I'd step back he'd slink away.

"I can't wait any longer," Linda said, "but don't forget. We're expecting you folks at the mountain cabin on Sunday."

I said we'd be there and went back into the house. After a while, Mr. Blue joined me, but it was plain that he wanted nothing to do with a person who made an idiot of herself over a fuzzy, perfumed creature that sat on a velvet cushion and deported itself like a canine cherub.

"Don't be ridiculous," I scolded. "You're my best pal." But sweet-talk, two lumps of sugar and a ride in the car to and from the mailbox, failed to reinstate me in his favor.

After a while I got tired trying to mollify him, so let him alone to wear out his sulks in self-pity and an exaggerated interest in everything but me. A good night's rest apparently wiped Pierre and my apparent fickleness from his memory, for come morning, he was his old, happy self again. And then came Sunday—the day we'd promised to visit Linda and her family.

The moment I stepped into the cabin, Pierre was all over me and when I sat down, he leaped on to my lap, and from there he would not budge. He still smelled of the perfumed spray; a rather overpowering odor I thought, at close quarters. No wonder Mr. Blue had sneezed and snorted after one whiff of Pierre.

After dinner, Linda gave me a basket of choice meat scraps for Mr. Blue and we said goodbye and left. Two hours later, I was opening our back door, eager to greet and to receive the welcoming barks of our dogs.

"Mr. Blue's" Blue-Blood

by Ina Louez Morris



I never saw a more forlorn expression in my life.

As usual, they came rushing to meet me, whining and wagging and frisking around my feet. All at once, Mr. Blue stopped. With head up, he sniffed a couple of times, then his nose went to my shoes, my hands and my skirt. Apparently the odors he picked up told him where I'd been and revealed the identity of my companions.

With tail down and ears dragging the floor he walked away, down the steps and into the vineyard. I prepared his dinner and called, but he didn't come. An hour passed, then two. Worried, I set out to look for him. It took a little time, but at last I found him, bedded down before a neighbor's electric heater.

"All right, Mr. Blue," I said. "Come along." But he wouldn't budge.

By this time, I was well stocked with temperament and, taking him by the collar, led him to the door and pushed him outside. By the look he gave me you'd have thought I beat him regularly on the hour with a cat-o-nine-tails. Back home, he went immediately to bed and, when I carried him the scraps Linda had sent, he turned his head to the wall.

"Very well," I said disgustedly, "I'll give this lovely meat to the kitty."

At the word "kitty" he got up and I swear I never saw a more forlorn expression in my life. Touched, I bent over and lay my cheek against his head. For a moment there was no response; he was as rigid as a piece of wood. Then, as I continued to pat and stroke away his ill will, he relaxed and offered his paw.



ALL last winter I fed shelled Yellow Dent corn daily, in a squirrel house nailed under the eaves of my woodshed, to three gray squirrels. Two of them were young ones, with thick glossy fur and plummy tails; the third was older, with a wispy tail and slightly unkempt fur. They came at different times—as I was getting up mornings, during the forenoons, at mid-day and sometimes, before a storm, just before dusk. They usually ran up and down the little ladder but if they were frightened while in or at the house, they would leap to the shed roof and scurry away over the housetop. The older, less timid one, ate inside the house, with head and forepaws thrust through the circular

opening and dropped the kernels to the ground after eating the chit. Each of the younger ones was so wary of being trapped inside that he dove hurriedly into the house, emerged quickly with a single kernel and carried it to the roof of the house. From this vantage point he could keep a careful lookout in any direction, or the narrow board projecting from the bottom of it, or even to one of the upper rungs of the ladder. The two young ones seldom ventured close to the house when the older one was present. They either waited patiently below on the ground or else climbed a lilac bush adjacent to the shed, then cautiously crossed the shed roof and bided their time at a short distance from the squirrel house.

The two youngsters were very lively and charmingly playful, making flying leaps at each other, flirting their feathery tails, sitting, bolt upright to dress their whiskers with quick forefeet or pursuing each other through the tangled branches of a nearby spiraea bush. The older, more sedate one, tended strictly to business;

getting a corn meal was his main concern and little deflected him from that purpose.

The woodshed is at right angles to the north wall of my house which has a living-room window through which I took the accompanying snapshot. I call it, "Hunting for Chow."

Although squirrels cannot be made pets of to the extent of being stroked like cats or dogs, they can be coaxed to take food from your fingers. They are interesting to study because of their industry in seeking and hoarding food, their disregard for inclement weather and their frolicsome ways.

If you wish to watch them eat, do not give them uncracked nuts as they will immediately bury them for future consumption. Besides the nuts which are their natural diet and the corn of which they are very fond, they will also eat sunflower, squash, pumpkin and melon seeds. In autumn they often gather plums and peaches, doubtless mainly because of the pits. They will eat dry bread and stale doughnuts and cookies too.

The First Paper Makers

By Fern Berg

LONG ago before man made paper of pulp, the wasps were shaving off tiny bits of wood with their strong jaws and kneading them expertly into a pulp which was mixed with saliva. When the pulp was just right the insects would spread it out into thin sheets of paper-like substance for the nest. These social wasps like to live in communities and the nests are large and built with great skill. Ventilation is provided for, and the paper is laid in such a way as to provide for air spaces which will protect from chilling weather as well as against great heat.

The wasp builds a set of cells for the hundred or more dwellers in each nest.

There are several species of wasps. The paper wasp and the digger wasp are well known to every boy and girl for the nests of the wasp or "hornet" are found in trees, shrubs, in buildings. The digger wasp has underground burrows and does not live in communities as does the paper wasp.

When nests are exposed to the outside, the wasp gives them a coating of waterproof material which she applies with her tongue. If the nest is protected by being in a building this is not done.



OUR DUMB ANIMALS

Hearty Husky

By Harvey K. Jacobson

THE Alaskan sled dogs, commonly known as the Husky, is an admirable dog respected equally by the Eskimo owner who knows him well and the observer who knows him but casually.

This I learned last winter as a GI stationed in Alaska. Spending some time at an Army outpost out of Nome, I was able to find out a lot about Huskies from the natives who lived in the Eskimo village less than a mile from our camp.

First of all, the belief of many that a Husky is ferocious and mean is as false as the impression that Eskimos still live in igloos.

The Eskimo realizes the importance of the dog to his very existence and treats him accordingly. The Husky's behavior pattern is a direct result of the way he is handled. If he is treated well, he behaves well; if he is mistreated, he protests as any other dog would.

If the Husky had any bad points, they were glossed over by innumerable accounts in praise of their strength, stamina and service.

One of the best known Eskimo dogs is Balto, whose statue stands in New York's Central Park in tribute to the heroism of Huskies. Balto was the courageous Husky that helped save several lives during an epidemic by rushing serum to Nome some years ago. He led a team over 600 miles of ice and snow in record-breaking time.

Judging from the accounts of similar feats narrated by the Eskimos, one would conclude that monuments to Huskies could be erected justifiably across the entire country. Tales of the faithful Huskies



Some modernization has crept into the north, but machines haven't replaced Huskies. Here, mail from a plane is being loaded onto a sled. The bags will be taken by dogsled from the landing field to an Eskimo village and an Army outpost.

were plentiful and apparently they devote not only their boundless energy to their masters but their brains as well.

It is the dog's extraordinary power of reasoning which endears many a Husky to his owner. Stories the Eskimos told us revolved around what valuable friends the dogs turn out to be when a blizzard strikes the open tundra. Huskies have saved many a native's life by finding the home village when the human has lost his sense of direction, by stalling at the edge of a precipice, or (in traversing lakes) by steering clear of new, thin ice (which the natives amusingly term "young ice.")

The hardy Husky, incidentally, is not becoming a thing of the past, as the reader might be led to gather from articles about "mechanization of the North."

Snow tractors, "weasels," and other machines operate in regions where camps are large enough to have a big staff of maintenance personnel, but the smaller establishments, where facilities are not available for babying the motors and keeping them from freezing up, Alaska's oldest common carrier is still called upon.

At our little outpost, for instance, the dogs came to the rescue a couple of times when Army vehicles were out of commission and transportation of some fuel oil barrels was urgent.

Modern means may attempt to replace him, but in the same manner in which the white man turned to the Arctic working dog in the early days of exploration, prospecting and pioneering in the North, the white man today relies upon the indomitable Husky.



"That was a good one, wasn't it? Now who's the cat?"

"Good morning, Ginger, just wait till you hear what happened after you left the house this morning. . . ."

"Ginger" Finds a Friend

By Sigrid Lohss

SEVERAL years ago, we acquired a small red and white tomcat. As we already had a large red dog, we worried a little about how they would get along, but since the dog, "Ginger" (he doesn't snap), was patient and gentle we thought he would at least tolerate the kitten, and that by the time they were grown, would be quite used to each other. However, as it turned out, we should have saved our sympathy for the kitten and given it all to Ginger, because even when the cat was little he would swell into a round puff of

fur and raise his tiny paws in an effort to swat the dog.

Poor Ginger was baffled. He couldn't see why any cat should dislike him. Try as he would, every effort at friendship was rewarded only with s-s-spft! As the cat grew older and bigger, his dislike of the dog also grew and Ginger finally learned to walk large circles around him. And on the days when we had to scold Ginger about something, the cat would always sense Ginger's falling from grace and would fly at his poor nose with all

claws extended.

There didn't seem to be much we could do about it, as by this time we were too fond of the cat, in spite of his tantrums whenever he saw Ginger.

Then, one day our cat died. It looked as if peace at last would come to old Ginger. We figured that by this time he would never trust another cat again, so we didn't think about getting a replacement. But there came a day when I wasn't able to resist a small black kitten and I brought him home with me after



it? Now what do you say we play awhile?"



"Look at that! Don't you wish they'd stop looking at us when we're having fun?"

"Oh, well, I suppose they have to be amused. They do feed us, you know. But that's enough for now—let's turn our backs and pretend we don't notice them."

all. I called him "Buttons."

Buttons has green eyes and jet black fur. Of course, we expected the fur to stand on end and the s-s-spfing to begin all over again, but, to our complete surprise, instead of staying clear of Buttons, old Ginger came quite close. The two took to each other immediately.

It must have been that Ginger had long been looking for someone to play with and at last he had found a real friend. And Buttons, also now has someone to love — a good thing as he is filled to overflowing with affection. It is often more than we can stand, as he loves to chew toes gently to make you notice him and pet him. No matter how many times you try to push him away, he always comes back. Then we put him outside, finally, and he runs to Ginger who loves the attention the black cat gives him. They chatter and play and roll in the grass together. They make a handsome pair — the sleek black cat and the big red dog.





The red fox lays deliberate tracks. . . .

ALL of us are naturalists of sorts — the inquisitive lad poking a stick into a hollow log to see what comes out, the man investigating the curious molehill on his lawn, and the housewife pausing at her kitchen window to watch a dutiful robin feed the gaping mouth of an overgrown young.

We amateur naturalists catch glimpses of nature's woodland creatures mostly during the summer months, and we like to think of winter's blanket of snow as a curtain drawn to nature lovers.

But January and February are good months for us to study the woodland folk. For now in winter nature maintains but a skeleton crew with which to carry on the completion of her annual cycle. She slows down her pulse so that common folk can come to understand her.

Every wildwood roadside, tangled briar patch, woodlot, and weedy meadow carries a story of animal life existence imprinted plainly on a clean white sheet of snow. This is truly a primer for the layman naturalist.

Nature's animal kingdom is vast and the behavior of her individuals is often inexplicable. In summer the ways of forest creatures is a labyrinth of confusion and we novices see so little of so much.

The evening gyrations of noisy martins, the sprint of the rabbit along the dusty road at sundown, or the explosive splash of the beaver's tail on the quiet pond are mere exuberances of summer's lush living. These are side attractions, so to speak.

But deep winter reduces woodland life

Let's Visit

Winter's Woodland

By George C. Mattis

to bare essentials. Many creatures, in deep stupor, wait out the winter in snow-covered dens. The wildwood becomes a ghost town save for the few forest denizens elected to carry on.

Now we see the less trivial side of wood life. Every movement of creature is of significance. Activity is motivated by the pangs of winter hunger and the will to survive. Energy for all else is niggardly expended.

The porcupine leaves his tree den and lumbers along his beaten trail to a neighboring tree for his daily rations of tender bark. Nightfall finds him in his den again and his simple routine is broken only when his appetite forces him in quest of fresh feeding grounds.

The red fox lays deliberate tracks along the weed-fringed pond. Driven by hunger he seeks to ferret out a mouse or surprise a feeding covey of quails.



The waterways circuit of the otter



The trail of the hare. . . .

Mouse tracks and seed chaff marring the frosty snow under a clump of weeds tell of nightly feeding of field mice on the seeds of withered perennials.

The beaten trails of the varying hare lead from a simple nest to a dense growth of tender poplar saplings.

The otter still makes his long circuits of the water courses, but he no longer tarries in playful mood along his route. He enters open water only to come up with a nourishing crayfish.

The red squirrel is now a sedate fellow. He chatters little and he frisks his tail less than he did in summer.

You have but to study the forest creatures in mid-winter to learn that their bare wants are subsistence and the survival of their species.

The antics of spring courtship, the activity of feeding young, and the buoyant capers of summer's easy living tend to obscure for us these basic wants.

It is well for us amateur naturalists to tarry now in the woodlot, pause at the muffled brook and study the sedge-filled meadow.

No need now to ask why the varying hare remains motionless at the edge of a briar thicket while absorbing the rays of a winter's sun, why the grouse plunges deep in the fluffy snow for his night's lodging, or why the chickadee loses his fear of man.

For now in winter, we unprofessed naturalists see nature in bold relief stripped of her summer's jaunty airs and fine frills.



When a Canada Goose Is Friendly

By Ruby Zagoren

WARY and wild is the reputation of the Canada Goose. Through the years, the Canada Goose has built a name for itself as the wariest of wild birds. Yet to many who live on or near the various lakes in Litchfield County, Connecticut, the Canada Goose has become an intimate, a bird that children can feed with bread from the shore, for the stately stockinged-neck bird will glide to within a few feet of the children.

Lawrence Hurlbut says that the Canada Geese eat from the hands of his children. For the past 14 years he has lived on Winchester, Conn., property, of this "six or seven acres are under water." The same pair of Canada Geese return year after year to this body of water. Here they raise their young. And while this pair associates with humans, it will not allow any other geese of its species to nest there. Mr. Hurlbut tells how the pair has "staked out" his lake for their home, how they maintain their proprietary rights. This possessive pair will allow other geese to

stop by and rest enroute to their migratory goals. But when nesting time comes, the pair by much honking, flapping their wings, and menacing thrusts of their long snaky necks see to it that the others go on and leave them to their own family raising. Mr. Hurlbut says that the Canada Geese like a "pond with an island" for nesting purposes.

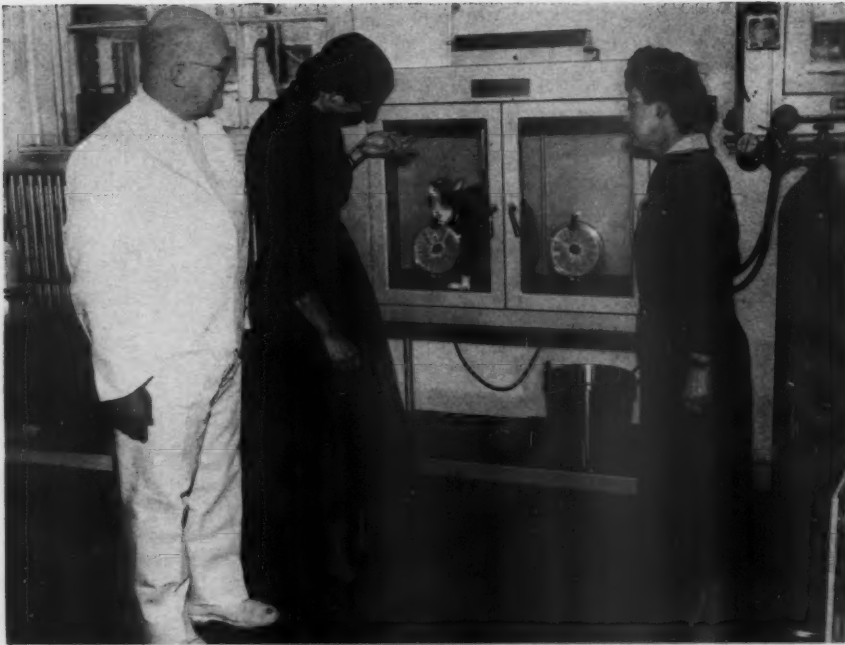
On Norfolk Road, Norfolk, Conn., is David Beecher's place with its ponds. The Canada Geese return here year after year too. Mr. Beecher encourages the geese with food. They stay all summer long, and when autumn comes with its cold stinging weather the geese fly south.

Tyler Lake in Goshen, Conn., is graced too all summer long with a flock of these Canada Geese. Every afternoon about 4 p.m. they swim along the shoreline to certain places where they have come to know, through the years, that people will give them food. They come within a few feet of the shore. They seem utterly un-

like their reputation; they are neither wary nor wild, so accustomed are they to the humans. Of course this is a tribute too to the people who dwell along the shores of these lakes, for it is their kindness over long periods of time that make these geese so amiable. When this writer first saw the Canada Geese at Tyler Lake, she thought they were pinioned, their wings clipped. But, she learned, such is not the case. Their tremendous wings that have the strength of a sledge hammer have never been touched. These wings carry them when autumn comes to the southern climes. These wings will keep them in formation as part of the living wedge that drives southward.

One can realize just how unusual it is to have the Canada Geese so friendly when one remembers that a famed ornithologist has written that the Canada Goose is "more often heard than seen." In Litchfield County, the Canada Goose contradicts the ornithologist's statement by being seen all summer long, and heard but seldom.

Society and



"Donated by Marjorie Fairbanks Holt in Memory of Her Parents, Caroline and Franklin Holt." This is the inscription placed on the new oxygen cage in our hospital, being admired by (left to right) Dr. C. Lawrence Blakely, Dr. Jean Holzworth and donor, Miss Holt. The cat who is inside the cage is wondering what it's all about.



Retired from the Boston Police Department are these two horses—Texas, 17 and Jerry, 23—who will spend their remaining days at the Society's Rest Farm for Horses, in Methuen. Left to right are: J. Robert Smith, Assistant to the President of the Society, Officers Dooley and Simonetti, and William A. Swallow, Secretary of the Society.



Arthur V. Weeks, Jr., of Brockton, Mass., was honored by the Kiwanis Club of that city with the presentation of a medal from the Massachusetts S. P. C. A. for his attempt to save a dog from drowning. Left to right are: Mayor Peterson, Arthur Weeks, Society officer Charles E. Brown and Frederick W. Pope, Kiwanis president.

Service and News

John C. Macfarlane, Director of our Livestock Conservation Department was recently awarded an engraved bronze tablet for outstanding achievement in the field of livestock conservation by The American Humane Association. (Left to right) are Dr. Eric H. Hansen, Stanwood K. Bolton, John C. Macfarlane, Kerns Wright and Rutherford T. Phillips.



Congratulating three of the Society's ambulance drivers for driving some 260,000 miles without an accident are, left to right, J. Robert Smith, Assistant to the President, and Herman Dean, Chief Prosecuting Officer. Those receiving awards are: Carl Bragner, Louis Peaslee and R. Earle Mansur. At the right is Mr. E. S. Gore, Safety Engineer, Liberty Mutual Company of Boston.



This black cat is the beloved pet of Railway Express employees in Boston. Holding the cat is John R. Burserean who was accompanied by Louis Wolf. Both men came to our Hospital to collect their injured pet following treatment and recovery (note cast on right hind leg). In all 57 of the men donated toward the partial payment of their pet's hospitalization.



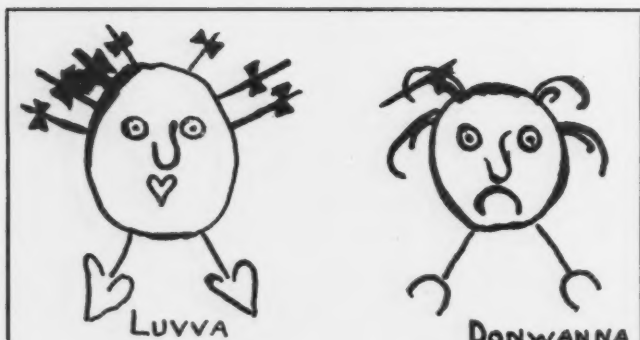
CHILDREN'S



Dear Boys and Girls:

MY name is BKTA, short for Be-Kind-To-Animals, and I imagine that if you look real, real hard you can find my initials. (I'll give you a hint—the "A" is my Hat!) Well, I hope to become a very good friend of yours and I thought maybe we could play a monthly game together. Boys and girls all mean to be kind to animals but sometimes they forget, or maybe they just don't know how to love them. So I thought you could help me teach these boys and girls, in a fun way, how to care for pets and how to be kind to all animals. Each month in my little box there will be characters like Luvva and Donwanna, and if you know little people that are similar to these characters or some you can make up, just send them in to me, BKTA, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston, Mass., and I'll put them in my box with your name as having submitted the BKTA "character of the month." I think we will have lots of fun learning and thinking how we can be kind to animals!

Your friend,
BKTA

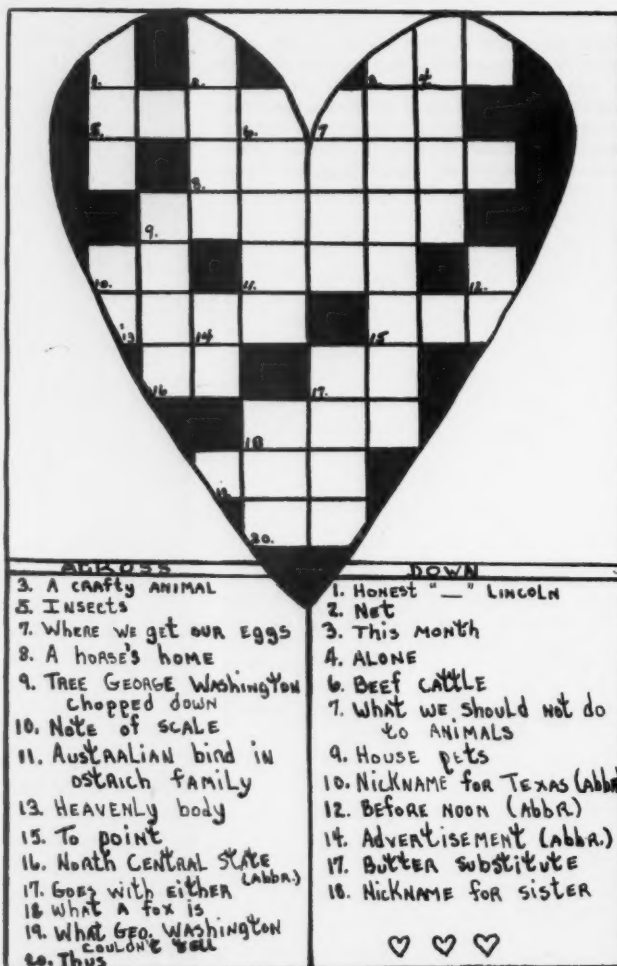


Luvva and Donwanna are twins. They love their pets, oh! so much, but when it is time to feed and care for them, they don't want to. They want some one else to do all the work and they'll do all the loving. There are lots of Luvvas and Donwannas, you aren't ONE are you ???

"Bangs"

I HAVE a gray and white kitten whose name is "Bangs." We call him that because he has some gray hair on his forehead that looks like bangs. We enjoy our kitten very much.

—June Ellsworth (Age 11).



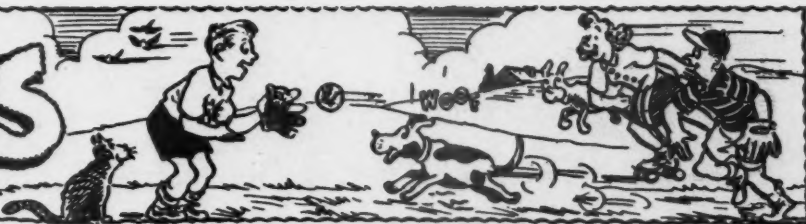
Four Cardinals

By Michael Prisco (6th Grade)

THIS morning, as I was walking to school, I heard a familiar cry. "Wa-cheer," "Wa-cheer." I knew it was a cardinal, but I wanted to see it. I answered its call. As it answered back, I tried to get closer to where it was, so I could see it better. I did. It was not more than ten feet away. When I got to the school yard, I saw three more.

Answers To Puzzle: Across—3. fox, 5. bees, 7. hen, 8. stable, 9. cherry, 10. la, 11. emu, 13. star, 15. aim, 16. S.D., 17. or, 18. sly, 19. lie, 20. so. Down—1. Abe, 2. mesh, 3. February, 4. only, 6. steer, 9. cats, 10. Lone Star (L.S.), 12. A.M., 14. ad, 17. oleo, 18. sis.

PAGES



Animal Puzzle

By Clarence Mansfield Lindsay

As I was climbing up some rocks
I caught a glimpse of a red — — —
And coming home by light of moon,
What should I see but a — — — — —
Next day, in the green woodland near,
I saw — far off — a startled — — — —
And in a pasture, half asleep
I saw a fat and woolly — — — — —
When I had crossed the forest line
I met a bristly — — — — —
And near an apple tree in blossom
I had a glimpse of an — — — — —
On the way home my Sunday coat
Was nibbled by a hungry — — — —
But then my coat might have been junk
If I had met up with a — — — — —



Photo by Stanley A. Bauman in
Brockton Enterprise & Times

Best of Friends

INSTEAD of going for a ride herself, little Donna Lorraine Smith of Bridgewater, Mass., sometimes gives her kitten, "Bobby," a turn. The pony's name is "Spot," and he does not seem to mind, so long as Donna holds the reins. See how contented Bobby looks.

February 1957



Saint Valentine's Day

By Janet Tooke

When Nessie gets her valentine,
Her friends are filled with glee:
The mailman and big sister,
The birds in every tree.

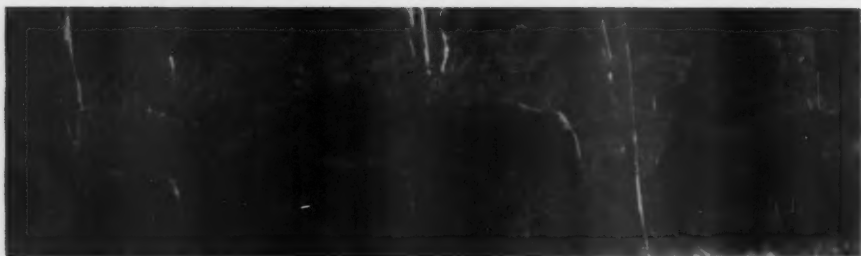
Puzzle: Find the birds in this tree. There are four of them, not to speak of sister, the mailman, and Hetty the cook, who is not quite so pleased, because her valentine hasn't come yet.

Dear "Dumb Animals,"

I have a dog named Mamie. Last night I wanted to know the tune of a song. I forgot Mamie couldn't talk so I said, "Mamie what is that tune?" She cocked her head as if to say, "Well now let me think."

Sincerely,
Martha Cole (9)

Answer to "Animal Puzzle": Fox, Raccoon, Deer, Sheep, Porcupine, Opossum, Goat, Skunk.



Wild Elephants and Drought

By S. V. O. Somanader

CEYLON has lately been in the grip of an unusual and prolonged drought. And when drought occurs, especially in the Island's dry zone, grasses disappear, trees become parched up looking brown and dry, and, because of the scarcity of water, not only in the wells and reservoirs, but in the irrigation tanks, rivers and water-courses, humans, as well as animals, are hard put.

This year the drought, which ran for many months, was so severe that, apart from the discomfort it brought to people, it caused so many deaths among cattle, buffaloes, and certain wild animals. Elephants, however, though they suffered from the terrible effects, got on better, because they are expert water-diviners, and, due to their great strength and weight, are good water-diggers.

The accompanying picture shows a herd of wild elephants, which, during the difficult time of drought, had invaded the airstrip precincts (in the construction of which American engineers, on contract with the Ceylon Government, had a hand), where a supply of water is ensured even during difficult times. They visit this spot regularly in the evenings after the day's feed, and then go about in quest of water, congregating in the vicinity of deep pools and water-holes, often far away from their browsing grounds, to take in whatever amount of water is available.

It may be mentioned that, when the sandy beds of rivers and other water-sheets run dry owing to prolonged drought, these lordly beasts of the jungle, after "divining" the spots where underground water is likely to exist, dig the ground with a few kicks of their forefeet to a depth of 2

or 3 feet, and, when the water seeps up into the cavity, they help themselves to appease their mad thirst.

In this process, apart from showing resourcefulness and intelligence, they are often found to be very chivalrous; for these noble beasts let the other unfortunate and helpless wild animals like the sambhur, spotted deer and buffalo have their fill before or after they have had theirs. There is, for instance, a Ceylon story on record of a wild elephant which had dug a hole in the dried-up bed of the Menik Ganga (river) at the Ruhuna National Park in South-East Ceylon, and, while it was about to slake its thirst, a wild buffalo-cow — apparently impatient and half-mad with thirst—came staggering across the sand right up to the improvised water-hole.

Though she was on the point of exhaustion, she boldly stood before the huge water-digger, and it seemed as though she was literally pleading in mute despair, looking hard into the elephant's face until it appeared to be almost hypnotised. And what do you think the magnanimous elephant did? Instead of driving away the bovine intruder, as it might easily have done, the "great fellow", with an instinctive graciousness, stepped aside politely, as much to say, "After you, madam! Thy need is perhaps greater than mine!"—and let the "lady" drink first. After the "buff" had moved off satisfied, the gallant jumbo helped itself to its heart's content, and strolled away in another direction.

So, who said that the age of chivalry is dead? It is not a thing of the past—at least among our gallant and knightly monarchs of the Ceylon wilds.

Walter H. Lloyd

WE in the humane field have lost a friend and valiant supporter in the death of Walter H. Lloyd, Manager of Livestock Conservation, Inc., Chicago, Illinois.

Walter was never too busy to discuss "kindness," as applied to farm animals, and it can truthfully be said that he lived his work.

He has left an indelible impression in the minds of those with whom he carried on the duties of his complex office.

Walter was kind enough to attend the first short course ever given on "Livestock Conservation", when it was conducted by our Society in June last year. He was proud of our work in the northeast and we were proud and grateful for his loyal support.

The great work of Livestock Conservation will go on because it must—our country needs it.

Whoever succeeds Walter Lloyd will find that because of Walter's many sacrifices, of self, family life, time and strength, the future will be a better one for millions of America's livestock.

—John C. Macfarlane

To a Little Kitten

By Leopoldine Yurak

*A little kitten sat one day
On my porch for fair,
When suddenly it stopped its play
And looked up in the air.
I followed it and looked up, too,
But couldn't see a thing,
So playing with peek-a-boo
I started with a swing!
Tell me little pussycat
Just what are you staring at?
At the white clouds in the skies
Or perhaps gay butterflies?
Let me hear a little mew
Saying what's up there in view.
A bit of rain dropped on your nose?
Judging by your questioning pose,
Or whatever did occur
That has stopped your happy purr?
And let's see your wondering eyes—
Maybe they will put me wise
Just what you are gazing at
Darling little pussycat.*

TO OUR FRIENDS

In making your will kindly bear in mind that the corporate title of our society is "Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals"; that it is the second incorporated (March, 1868) Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in the country, and that it has no connection with any other similar Society.

Any bequests especially intended for the benefit of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital in Boston, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital in Springfield should, nevertheless, be made to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals "for the use of the Angell Memorial Animal Hospital, or the Rowley Memorial Hospital," as the Hospitals are not incorporated but are the property of that Society and are conducted by it. **FORM OF BEQUEST** follows:

I give to the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals (or to the American Humane Education Society), the sum of dollars (or, if other property, describe the property.)

The Society's address is 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Information and advice will be given gladly.



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Please send check or money order to **OUR DUMB ANIMALS**, 180 Longwood Avenue, Boston 15, Mass. Better do it soon; we were sold out early last year!

Nature Recreation

Dr. William G. Vinal's book, **NATURE RECREATION**, is full of good humane philosophy with regard to the out-of-doors, as well as a program of ideas, and sources for further free or inexpensive materials.

This book will fill the often stated demand of teachers, Junior Humane Societies, Scout leaders, camps and clubs for an inexpensive guide for outdoor activities.

Selling for \$3.50 each, **NATURE RECREATION** may be secured by writing to the Wildlife and Conservation Department, American Humane Education Society, 180 Longwood Ave., Boston 15, Mass.

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YES, that is the way many of the valentines of our youth began. Old fashioned, perhaps, and yet, they served their purpose well. For, after all, what is Valentine's Day but a time for the exchange of friendly greetings — messages of friendship and good will. It is an old custom and a good one.

Why not plan your message this year as a constant reminder of you each month. In other words, let your valentine be an enduring one.

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(Additional names may be sent on a separate sheet)

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